# **2Pac Lyrics**

"Hold Ya Head" (feat. Tyrone Wrice)

[Malcolm X prison scene:]
Yo, Jackson! A 231549
Yeah, close four! Comin' down!
Crichlow! A 5991301
Close five! Comin' down!

#### [2Pac:]

My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island
All the Penitentiaries
Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon
All the political Prisoners
San Quentin (Look at Satan) (I see him)
All the jailhouses, I'm with you

[2Pac (Tyrone Wrice):]
Yeah, one thug, one thug
(How do we keep the music playin'?)
You're listenin' to the sounds of one thug
One thug, one thug, how do we get ahead?
You're listenin' to the sounds of...

### [2Pac:]

I wake up early in the mornin', mind state so military Suckers fantasizin' pictures of a young brother buried Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead? If daytime is for suckers, then tonight we breathe Out for all that, knowin' that this world bring drawbacks Look how they shiver once I deliver these raw raps Meet me at the cemetery, dressed in black Tonight we honor the dead, those who won't be back So, if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears An outlaw thug livin' in this game for years Why worry? Hope to God, get me high when I'm buried Knowin' deep inside only a few love me Don't rush me to the gates of Heaven Let me picture for a while, how I lived for my days as a child I wonder now, how do we outlast? Always get cash, stay strong if we all mash; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]
How do we keep the music playin'?
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (Hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast

[2Pac:]
These felonies be like prophecies

Beggin' me to stop, 'cause these Lawyers gettin' money every time they knock us Snatchin' pockets lyrically, suckers flee when they notice Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game ghost Exposed foes with my hocus-pocus flows, they froze Now suckers idolize my chosen blows And mo' money mean litigatin', mo' playa hatin' Got a cell at the pen' for me waitin'—is this my fate? Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin', me fall back? Never that, too much tequila drinkin', we all that Make them understand me? Hell nah, this ain't my posse Everyone with me is family, 'cause everybody's got me Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin' Got us all meetin' up in prison Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood Sayin', "Please show a playa love"—hold ya head! (Hold it!)

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]

How do we keep the music playin'?
(You got to hold ya head!)

How do we get ahead? (Come on, hold ya head!)

Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, hold ya head!)

Livin' fast, too fast
(The weed got me tweakin' in my mind, I'm thinkin'...)

### [2Pac:]

God bless the child that can hold his own Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed Currency means nothin' if you still ain't free Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally Runnin' from authorities 'til they capture me And my aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears Utilize lessons learned from my childhood years Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head Tradin' conversations all night, bless the dead To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll Catch a brother at the crossroads Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin' time pass Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]

How do we keep the music playin'?

(You got to hold ya head!)

How do we get ahead? (C'mon, hold ya head!)

Too many young black brothers are dyin'

(Yes, hold ya head!)

Livin' fast, too fast

(You got to hold ya head!)

(How do we keep the music playin'?)

(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)

How do we get ahead?

# [2Pac:]

# No matter how hard it get, feel me? Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book Watch the stars, get some pussy—whatever!

Thanks to w4ck, lildarkblood, gkaya for correcting these lyrics.

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